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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TASMANIAN SKETCHES

SUPPLICANTS

In the shimmering heat
Of the noon-day sun
The parched purple hills
Kneel to snow-crowned Ben Lomond,
Holding out suppliant hands,
Craving a morsel of healing snow.

God-like, austere, unbending
Ben Lomond stands,
Deaf to their prayers.

GUM-TREES

The gum-trees during the spring rains grew so fast
That their boughs are weak
And cannot bear up the weight of russet leaves,
But droop towards the ground like willows.

With the sun behind, and a light wind stirring,
They are living fountains of flame.

SKY

The summer sky is just a bowl
Of old blue china:
The horizon hills serrate the rim,

H. W. Stewart

And the tops of the tallest trees
Etch patterns round the sides.

Sometimes I think those great air-planes
Will fly too high
And cut a jagged hole.
Then the Philistines will sell in their stores
Souvenirs
Made of the glittering shards that fall.

H. W. Stewart

CHILDREN AT PLAY

"The wind is whistling in the lane," said Sybil.
"Fairies whispering," said Jane.
"The leaves are sighing overhead."
"Songs of dying birds," Jane said.

"The vines are dripping with the rain," said Sybil.
"Diamond necklaces," said Jane.
"The toadstools perk their ugly heads."
"Cricket umbrellas," Jane said.

"The water beats against the pane," said Sybil.
"Clouds are tapping drums," said Jane.
"Let's go ask for sugar-bread."
"Let's do," Jane said.

Jack Merten